

FURTHER EXTRACTS
From the Family Letters of an American Lady
in Europe.

SCOTLAND, GLASGOW, NORTH BRITISH HOTEL.
"Girls, are you willing to take a week, perhaps only a few days, in Scotland, for longer we cannot stay?" So said our chief three days ago. "Yes, yes; if only for one glimpse of Holyrood, one tread upon the heather, once to drink in the breeze upon Scotia's hills." So answered we. And now I am in very truth breathing the air of the glorious "North country."

As there is every prospect of our being constantly in movement until we again see London, you must be content with such etchings of these never-to-be-forgotten views as my old moments may allow.

The route from London to Windermere passes through many a place where one would find linger for days, each one interesting for church, or stately ruin, or historic association, well worth the delay. It was late in the afternoon when we reached Bowness, on the banks of Windermere's beautiful water; and as we ran down the little garden terrace of the hotel, an exquisite scene of hill and gleaming lake refreshed our weary railway eyes. Now, it is a melancholy fact that one is not inclined to indulge in sentimental or literary reveries when nothing more substantial than coal smoke has passed one's lips since an early breakfast; even with poets these mundane thoughts will intrude; so will you think it desecration that in the midst of our first entrance in this romantic region we were soon seated upon *potholed chairs and trout*, from the crystal depths upon which we were gazing, and with deep mortification, moreover, I confess to have enjoyed it. Early yesterday morning we were on the lake in a tiny steamer, slowly wending our way over its poetic waters, which, in reality, are neither very clear nor blue, and the scenery is only very pretty and smiling, seldom anything grand. We passed the home of Mrs. Hemans, *Dovernet*, which is embowered in the foliage of the noble trees grouped over the smooth lawn, and soon we landed at Ambleside, where I had my first drive on the top of a coach, and never enjoyed anything more; the air was so fresh, and, as usual in our excursions, we carried with us "lucky weather, or *Queen's days*, as the people prettily call a bright sky. Oh, these roads! If you could only see them, winding like a yellow ribbon over the hills and fields, and then *boiled* over them in an English coach, you would agree with me that it is the poetry of motion. Our way was very beautiful, along the green lanes and hedges, catching at some turn a distant view of Skiddaw or Helvellyn, sometimes running up the hills to get the daisies or drink from the cold mountain springs. Presently we reached Grassmere Church-yard, in the midst of Wordsworth's rest. His grave has simply a black marble head-stone, with only his name upon it. Very calm and peaceful it was in the quiet village, the hum of rural sounds, and the purring of the brook which murmurs near by, making for this great and true poet a sweet and fitting song.

Passing through the picturesque park of Lady Fleming, and walking along lanes lined with Hawthorn and laburnum, we came to Rydal Mount, Wordsworth's loved home. Our guide, a lady, blooming-checked old man, told us to go in the grounds, and near the house a lady, apparently an invalid, was being wheeled about in a bath chair. As we passed with a slight salutation, she held out her hand to us, and, advancing, we saw that she was very aged. She was Wordsworth's sister. I said something of her brother being known and loved in America. "Yes, yes; he was not only a great poet, but a good man," she replied, the tears falling from her withered face. With rapid emotion she recalled some of his verses, and to me it was a touching scene—this venerable sister weeping for the brother she must so soon rejoin, and repeating with fond memory his beautiful lines. She took our hands, said that she had some friends in America; that we must not forget her; and God bless us.

A charming drive home to Bowness, through the soft still afternoon and quiet hamlets, and there seated in the comfortable railway carriages, on we thundered, till three o'clock this morning. It was an exquisite moonlight night, and, in the intervals of trying to entrap a dove, I most strangely enjoyed my approach to Scotland. We passed the Solway, but I did not blow a kiss to dear Scotia's hills until the guard cried out *Glasgow*. We all sprang up at that charmed name, the intimation that we were over the border, and I put my head out to ask where the *blacksmith* lived. About a quarter of a mile down the road they replied, and pointed out the famous forge. They were all much amused at my eager questioning, and evidently thought that there was some stronger motive than mere curiosity in learning where such heavy chains are riveted.

This morning, all the brighter and happier for my first sleep in Bonnie Scotland, I went about this ancient city of Glasgow, which is really superb in streets and edifices; but I repine at not spending all of our limited number of hours on the lakes, or in Edinburgh. Of course there are innumerable objects of great interest at every turn, but it will be much more satisfactory to refer you to Murray for every description—statistical, historical, or poetical—as that extraordinary friend and guide to tourists not only tells one what to see, what to eat and to drink, but absolutely all that one is expected to do and does really feel and think at every point.

The noble Cathedral, eight hundred years old, is very grand in its venerable simplicity; little architectural ornament, nothing but massive heavy-arched aisles and roof, long vistas of clustered columns, and the vast ancient crypts. Most striking are these immense vaults, with defaced and crumbling monuments, shields and coats of arms as dim as the memory of those who lie beneath them; and most impressive indeed to me was the wandering through this dusky city of the dead, with its earthy, penetrating smell of ages long past. In the necropolis I pulled a leaf from the monument to John Knox, which is very commendably placed, crowned by a fine statue of this right reformer.

We drove this afternoon to the cavalry barracks to see the parade, and hear the band of the 93d Highlanders, and I could scarcely refrain from jumping out to seize the band of the first killed, bare-kneed regular who stood along the *Calloway*. The music was very good, winding up with "God save the Queen," the first time, strange to say, that I have heard it in her Majesty's dominions. Then came the great attraction to me, the bagpipes, played by five Highlanders in full costume, as of course the regiment is. It was most fascinating to my fancy, warming my heart though it horrified my ears, and was an official introduction to Scotland's national garb and music.

Sunday, INVERARNA, at the head of Loch Lomond.—It is nearly ten o'clock and I am writing in daylight, and could do so I believe half the night, for it never seems to become dark in this part of the world; all one's ideas of time are completely upset, and I have become quite accustomed to go to bed in sunshine. It seems a stroke of magic which has transported me into this glorious region, where in reality our transit was accomplished in a vulgar steamboat, for in these degenerate days there is no time for more poetic conveyance. Our good genius did not desert us in the beautiful weather, clear and warm, with a delicious breeze to whisper to us up the Clyde and charming Loch Lomond. This famed stream is not very pretty in itself nor striking in scenery, though it winds past many a spot celebrated in song and story—Dunbarton Castle, where Wallace was confined, and whose sword is still shown there; Bothwell Castle, and many a barge and sweep of river made classic by the great magician. Being obliged to wait two hours at the village of Balloch, we seized the moment for a row upon the Clyde, and, thus, fortunately for any poetic feeling, we glided into the sweet waters (literally so, for I immediately drank some) of Loch Lomond. We were pulled by two bright Scotchmen, who pointed out each hill and ruin, and distant Ben Lomond, being of course enthusiastic in every memorial of their darling shore. Scott, of course, they knew by heart, and could not doubt have followed with the whole poem, as I repeated, "Row, vessels row, for the pride of the highlands; stretch to your oars, for the ever-green pine;" and on giving them a touch of "Young Lochinvar," (not

that it was particularly appropriate, but it happened to come into my head, with kindling cheek they showed me where from afar that gallant young lover "came out from the west.")

We landed at Inch Murrin, an island belonging to the Duke of Montrose, merely kept as a deer park for sporting; and we wandered over the hills, lounged on the mossy turf, patted the pretty deer, had a bowl of fresh milk from the cottage, and waved our handkerchiefs from the battlements of a ruined tower, though there was no prancing knight below. The Grampian Hills were around me, slightly veiled by a mist, which added to my especial delight; and in fulness of content I enjoyed the exquisite scene, happy, so happy to be in Scotland; for my blood runs fast and warm in its air. The whole evening was charming as we steamed up the loch; the mountains overlapping and intertwining, forming apparently impassable barriers; the stream winding in and out; the boat touching now one shore, now the other, with vistas of deep, darkly bright valleys, with numberless cascades foaming down and embowering the mountain sides. Though these hills are lofty, there is nothing stern and rugged; at a distance they have a brownish tinge, but near, the green velvet verdure, which clothes them to the summit, takes from their grandeur. We landed at a most unpromising little hut, but, after a refreshing walk of half a mile through a lane, we reached this most tempting, picturesque inn. It was then 9 o'clock; we threw off our bonnets, ran down a terrace, and by the shores of Loch Lomond, on the smooth grass, in the highland gloaming, we played a game of bowls! Indeed, indeed, I am very sorry; but I did enjoy my breakfast, which was legitimately Scotch, with fresh herring and marmalade. I ordered also oatmeal porridge, and made a point of scalding myself; but, after three choking attempts, my enthusiasm could carry me no further. We have spent to-day in rambling over the mountains, gathering flowers of the greatest variety and delicious fragrance; then, seated in a perfect glen, deep, dark, and secluded, with the music of two silver falls pouring into the rocky basin below, the sunshine playing through the arching trees above us, we read some of those inspired poems, the Psalms, in this most fitting temple.

Edinburgh.—*Caledonia Hotel*, looking out upon the magnificent old castle, almost in sound of the bugles calling to evening parade! Think of it, or rather think of me, as drinking it in with most exquisite delight.

We left Loch Lomond yesterday morning, and it was a day of little accidents, which are funny and rather necessary than otherwise in a traveller's reminiscences, but provoking enough at the moment of occurrence. In the first place, I had the pleasure of coming off without a bite of breakfast, being behind time; and when we were fairly off in the steamer, discovered that my trunk was among the missing; so that I had two agreeable subjects for meditation, and one of the party had lost a cloak, which was not lively in these mountain breezes. At *Inverarnald Mill*, not a vehicle, horse, or donkey to be had; all off with tourists, and only a small tax-cart for our luggage. I offered a prize for a wheelbarrow; but finally two ladies and myself mounted on top of the trunks and carpet-bags, and jogged along over five miles of rugged mountain road. We were better off, however, than our lady companions, who walked the whole distance without even an umbrella; and we are all nearly broiled, one of our last summer days not being more scorching, though it may scarcely be credited of June in the Highlands; when, too, only a fortnight previous a man had been frozen on Ben More. Our way was through many interesting scenes; *Brace's Cave*, where Rob Roy hid with twenty followers; the ruins of a fortress built to resist the depredations of that bold robber chieftain; the hut where Helen Macgregor was born; and then the magnificent *Trossachs*, wild and weird, every inch of which has been immortalized by dear Scott. Our misfortunes were not quite ended; for as we ascended the last hill, and exquisite *Loch Katrine* burst upon our impatient view, we had the lively satisfaction to see our steamer move slowly off. Really my spirits sank at the sight of the miserable hotel where we were to wait four hours; however, with a loaf of bread, rather of ham and eggs, and a little sleep, we managed to pass the time. Then came the beautiful lake, which amply compensated for previous sufferings, making me forget all transient troubles and material discomforts, and only recalling the "Lady of the Lake," upon the opening stanzas of which, by the way, I won a wager. Loch Katrine is more picturesque than its great rival Loch Lomond; encircled by lofty mountains, with inlets and mysterious bays, and delicious little islands, where one expects to hear Fitz James's bugle note and see the skill of the startled Ellen glide from the copse of her fairyisle. Certainly Nature and poetic association combine to make it wondrously beautiful, "the scenery of a fairy dream."

A charming drive to Stirling, where the party discussed the advisability of passing the night; but I gave the casting vote for sleeping at Edinburgh; each moment there being precious, and we cannot see everything. Meanwhile, pending the deliberation, I seized my energetic friend, and we literally ran up the steep crowded streets, asking the nearest way to the Castle. We crossed the most, entered the archway, and a kilted Highlander offered to guide us, showing us the battlements, ramparts, and most ancient parts of the defences, pointing out the different spots of interest seen from the walls. The views are extremely fine; the Forth winding through smiling fertile fields, once the bloody *Bannockburn*. I had quite a confidential chat also with the soldier, who explained the different parts of his dress to me, and said that his regiment, 79th Highlanders, was in Canada. We could scarcely tear ourselves from this fascinating old fortress; but, scampering down the crooked streets, we had the satisfaction to reach the inn in good time, bearing with us the picture of bastion and tower most vividly painted in our memory, while the rest of the party had only had their tea. So much for a little enterprise! I am enchanted with Edinburgh; it quite satisfies every anticipation, and surpasses in picturesque interest all attempts at portraying it. The first view as one enters the streets, or rather mounts them, (for railways in this kingdom are generally either high in heaven or deep below,) is most artistically striking; the houses from eight to twelve stories high; often from the topmost windows and at odd points little projecting boxes like watch towers, with balconies and gables and a quaint continental air; the streets very narrow and dark, swarming in the middle with Highlanders, women in mobcaps, bare feet, and tucked-up gowns, pursuing their avocations or gossiping with their cunnings, each group ready for a picture or scene in Scott; especially when standing at the entrance to some close or *wynd*, the latter being of course suggestive of bold "Harry" of that sobriquet; and as I have no chance of seeing Perth, I am content to make "Auld Reekie" the scene of the "fair maid's" persecutions. All this of course in the old town; cross the fine bridge and you are in a different Edinburgh, very imposing in buildings, handsome shops, squares regularly laid out, quiet and English, with those ever-present, wonderful policemen. The first object to arrest the eye and reverent step is the monument to Walter Scott. It is grand in height and massive arches, and yet gracefully light; the principal niches containing statues, "Lady of the Lake," "East Minstrel," &c., and below, where the dress, features, and expression can be seen by grateful eyes, sits the mighty Wizard of the North. Every street and name breathes of his witchery; he alone speaks as we walk up the Canongate, or gaze at the only vestige of the ancient Tolbooth, or look at the spot where stood the cottage of David Deans.

In John Knox's house, I leaned from the little bowed window from which that stern moralist preached to the populace below; and further on, past some windys, was the balcony from which Argyle saw the great Montrose led to execution. All this we saw on our way to Holyrood. Yes! I really stood in the ancient Abbey, of which nothing remains but the ruined walls of the Royal Chapel, open to the smiling sky and wintry storms; ivy covers the place where incense ascended from the high altar; birds build their nests where Scotland's Mary pronounced her marriage vows; and near by is the confessional where this beautiful, unhappy Queen shed penitential tears. Then to her ball-room, low and gloomily paneled, containing full-length portraits of herself, one of Bruce, and many others; interesting as memorials of the lost royalty of Scotland. Then to the chamber of Charles I.; the hang-

ings, coverings, in *ruin*; but a large red chair is in good preservation, worked by the fair fingers of Mary, and the silver-chisel, state marriage chair of herself and Darnley; and then we enter her bedroom: mouldy and in tatters are the embroidered coverlet and draperies of the bed, which other else stands as when she last occupied it, though two strips of blanket only now remain upon the pillow. Here all speaks of her; a carved gilt table, and jewel box brought by herself from France, and a mirror in which had often been reflected her exquisite beauty. Next to this is the very small cabinet in which she sat at supper with poor Rizzio that fatal night, and on a table are the rusty helmet, spurs, and gauntlets of Darnley. The secret door by which the conspirators entered opens into her bedroom, and is scarcely now concealed by the ragged tapestry, a shred of which I have as a memento of this loveliest and most trusted of women. At the foot of the stairway is the grave of the too-fascinating minstrel, upon the plain grey stone of which I laid his picture, obtained in the chapel; and deeper interest still added to it, by touching the blood-stains, in which, with all sincerity, I have entire faith. It is deeply touching, so sadly is Mary ever remembered. It is impossible to have her every-day abode, the things she has touched, the actual life of this poor Queen brought before one, clothed in bodily reality, without thrilling emotion. History is no longer a romance; but this most sad romance is now to me veritable history. Next to the Castle, which is in the same readiness for instant warfare as Stirling, apparently impregnable in natural defences and scientific solidity, with the same towers, ramparts, quadrangles, crusa, killed soldiers and bagpipes, saluted my delighted eyes and ears. How sorry I am not to have lived in the times of moats, knights, and drawbridges! How charming to have had the portcullis raised, with men-at-arms, and lances flashing, each time I sallied forth upon my spirited *jeune*! I live in a constant state of enchantment. I don't know that you suspect me of being romantic; but even the new world, in the nineteenth century, has not destroyed a little spot in my nature which would not have disgraced the days of the Crusades. The room in which James 6th was born is miserably small, scarcely large enough for a bed; indeed, all the private apartments appear to be unit for what we, in this degenerate age, should esteem regal comfort. Mary was again visibly present in the ante-room, in a portrait taken before her marriage, fresh and lovely; and also one of her son, in the chamber; and a piece of her oak from Loch Leven, are the only memorials of her; but, as I looked from the window at the beautiful view, I thought how often she too had gazed at it, with perhaps sad, tearful eyes.

In the armory is shown the rusty claymore once the muzzling weapon of the redoubtable Rob Roy; and I made our old Highland cicerone blaze up by asking if he really believed that such a person ever lived? Of course I do not doubt the actual life of each personage in Scott, any more than I should be skeptical as to the breathing existence of Mrs. Nickleby or *Trilby*; and, although I cannot exactly say, with one of our friends, that all my knowledge of history is derived from James's novels, it is nevertheless true that in these scenes one's thoughts and associations are rather with Waverley than Hume. How can I leave Scotland? How say good-bye to this land of fairy romance and stern realities!

London.—Yesterday morning, at five o'clock, I had breakfasted, and, whirling along the railway for a few miles, found myself at the nearest station to the noble though no longer inhabited hall of one of the most ancient families in Scotland. I was making inquiries as to the possibility of gratifying my wish to see this fine old place, when a little cart came along bringing some boys to school. The driver said that he was from the estate, had an aunt living in *Washington*, and seeing my intense desire to get to the mansion, offered to take me. Up I jumped, and on a tilting plough jogged along for an hour, when above the trees arose to my impatient eyes the castellated walls and the old church tower. I waited not for the old gardener, but ran across the field, sprang over the low stone fence, and stood by the venerable gothic chapel, which, in good preservation still, speaks of the former splendor of the family. I was familiar with it from pictures; and, when the keeper hobbled up to let me out, I gratified his family pride by telling him that, far away across the ocean, I had read and known the history of his lord, the Earl of Eglinton. The train with my friends came by, and then on we lashed, through mountains, over villages, almost peeping down the chimneys, with glimpses of parks and lakes; on through large towns, roaring with furnaces and dense with smoke; a distant streak of waving light, which was the great German ocean; passed picturesque and formidable castles, once the necessary protector to the hamlet crouched at its foot, and so we sorrowfully flew from Scotland. At six o'clock we reached York, where twenty minutes were allowed for dining; but I had no thought for such a luxury; so, followed by the girls, scampered off to have a little look at the *Minster*. An old gentleman kindly pointed the way, and in a few moments we stood on the city wall, gazing with eager eye upon this exquisite architectural poem. There was no time for any expression of feeling as we breathlessly returned; seized a slice of bread and butter, and gained our seats, as if we had been in the iron horse again started; then the long grey twilight of this region; then came our short stop at a deep, aroused from dreams by the flashing station-lights and startling whistle; and so through the night until four o'clock, when, in the cool bright morning, we once again drove through the streets of dear London, with the influence still about us of the past week, the memory of which will indeed be "a joy forever."

VINEYARDS AROUND CINCINNATI.

A committee was appointed the past spring by the Cincinnati Horticultural Society to obtain statistics in regard to the vineyards and wine-making in Hamilton county. Their report was as follows:

Of the number of acres now under cultivation in vines, we are not yet prepared to make an exact report, as the entire statistics of the county have not been fully made out since 1845. There were then eighty-three vineyards, covering an area of three hundred and fifty acres. In that year alone one hundred and eighty were prepared and planted, and the number of acres brought under cultivation has been steadily and rapidly increasing every year since. The number of new vineyards commenced since 1845, some of which embrace twenty-five to thirty acres, and the value of the vineyard products of these vineyards, will swell the aggregate to an estimate of not less than twelve hundred acres. From the statistics already in our possession, we can safely say that this is within the actual amount.

The labor bestowed upon this culture in the preparation of the ground, planting and dressing, and in the care of the vines, gives employment to at least six hundred laborers, at an annual cost of \$120,000, producing, when in a bearing state, in moderately favorable seasons, about 240,000 gallons of wine, estimated at about the same number of dollars. Beside the cultivators and wine-dressers, employment is also given to wood-coopers, equal to the making of 8,000 barrels, estimated at \$8,000.

A considerable portion of this crop now falls into the hands of the wine-coopers and is converted into sparkling wine or champagne, thereby more than doubling its market price. The value of the sparkling wine prepared in this county in 1851, as near as we can arrive at an estimate, amounts to not less than \$175,000. The dealing in these wines also forms a considerable item in the transactions of the wine merchants.

As most of the vines engaged in the culture of the vine have families to support, as well as others engaged in the business, it may, without exaggeration, be calculated that the wine interest in Hamilton county affords subsistence, directly or indirectly, to at least 2,000 industrious and sober persons—a drunken vine-dresser we have never met.

Mr. Testman urged that the estimate was too low, and suggested that it should be put at 600,000 gallons per acre, a fair average estimate; therefore 500,000 gallons would be the aggregate annual yield.

The people of Warren (Va.) have had a great bear hunt. On the 14th instant, some two or three hundred men, "armed and equipped" with rifles, muskets, revolvers, and missiles, surrounded a hill half a mile from the village, where the "great bear" was known to have taken up a temporary residence, and forming a ring of shot, began to close upon the enemy. Several shots were fired upon him, but he was not killed. The merrily rifle brought him down. He was borne to the village in triumph; a splendid supper was served up in the evening in honor of the victory. Bruin weighed 245 pounds.

NOTES OF TRAVEL IN PALESTINE.

Written for the National Intelligencer by a Citizen of Washington.

THE MILL OF MALAHA.

I wish it to be distinctly understood that I entertain no vindictive or revengeful feelings towards any body on account of the disappointment I experienced in the first view of the Mill of Malaha. To be candid, it arose partly from a credulous faith in every thing that the Arabs told me, however wonderful, and partly from a natural disposition to invest every thing with the charms of romance. Notwithstanding the practical sense of my companions, who believed nothing at all that was not in print, and who were continually producing authorities on every doubtful point, I secretly swallowed every thing miraculous, and filled up all the obscure parts with glowing anticipations, that were doomed never to be realized. Even at the time, I often suspected that such things were only to be found in the Arabian Nights; but somehow I could not help thinking they might turn out to be true, and on that hope hung an immense amount of anticipation. Bearing in mind, however, that my mission was of a practical character, I was always ready to admit the facts in the land, and to denounce the Arabs for their extravagant indulgence in hyperbole, as also to expose the fallacies of all travellers who make a practice of investing common-place realities with the glowing absurdities of fiction. It may be set down as a rule that when a writer on oriental life tells you that a pleasant thing it is not to be civilized; that he even professes to have some savage propensities in his nature, and has an unconquerable desire to be a wandering Ishmaelite, there must be something wrong in the man. Either he is making a book to be read by a public that continually thirsts for something strange and new, or wishes himself to appear in the light of a dark-minded, restless, unhappy man, so high above all the conventionalities of society, that to be a savage is the only condition really worthy of him; or, worse than all, there is so little of the genial and kind in his nature that he finds few to love him at home, finds fault with others for what he owes to himself, and becomes smitten with a morbid contempt for civilization. It reads very prettily, all this—especially if it is cleverly done. But let me tell you, my friends, there is a dreary, commonplace, colorless reality about Arab life, with all its barbarous romance; a beggarly vagabondism that is entirely unworthy of being ascribed to by any person of good principles or common sense; a bestiality that must make any one who has a respectable home turn to it with a grateful heart and an inward thankfulness that he was born in a tolerably decent country, and among a people who with all their affectations and absurdities are yet something better than savages.

And now for the Mill. Behold it, as we wind down the rugged pathway towards the stream of Malaha—a little square stone building, half in ruins, with a flat top, perched over the water among the rocks, a camel browsing on the bushes near it, and a dozen lazy Arabs squatting down by the door smoking their chibouks. That single glance was enough. Every thought of the hospitable old gentleman and his accomplished daughters; the flower-garden; the choice home-made bread and sparkling wines of Lebanon, vanished in a moment. I said nothing; but rode quietly up to the door, where, with a mingling of the sequel, I resigned my horse to the muleteers, and saw him, together with the horses of my companions, led off to a cave in the neighboring mountains. A very animated conversation now took place between the dragoman and the Arabs. The chief talker, a rugged ill-favored man, whose dark leathern skin looked darker still from the fact that his beard and eyebrows were covered with meal, was no other than the old miller himself, and the others were Bedouins who had come over from an encampment on the opposite side of the stream. As well as I could catch the drift of the conversation from Yusuf's manner and gestures, which I had now learned to interpret with considerable accuracy, it appeared to be this: that we, a travelling party, consisting of the Commander-in-Chief of all the Military forces in America, a royal Prince, son of the King of the United States, and an English Lord, whose palace at home was built of pure gold, wanted lodgings for the night in the far-famed Mill of Malaha, of which we had read in ancient and modern history, and whose proprietor we had always regarded as the Sublime Miller that ever the world had produced. On the other hand, it was urged by the miller that he was a devout Musselman, and would never consent to having his mill defiled by the presence of a party of infidels, who were at best not fit to kiss the smallest toe of the great Prophet; that should he suffer us to sleep there, he would never make a party of luck, and ten chances to one the hoppers would fly in his face and kill him stone dead, or the mill itself would tumble down upon him after we left, and make minced meat of himself and all his family. To which, as I took it, Yusuf replied that, praised be Alla, we were convinced of the errors of our ways, and were on a pilgrimage to Jerusalem, where there was no earthly doubt we would join the standard of the Prophet in less than a month; and that, besides, being royal personages of boundless wealth, we would cheerfully pay as high as three piasters each (twelve and a half cents) for the accommodations of his establishment, together with a liberal *bakshish* in the morning. In reply to which, the miller, with glistering eyes, stated that he was not that narrow-minded sort of person who could from any religious prejudices be guilty of so inhospitable an act as to turn from his doors a party of distinguished *hujjads*; that he always regarded the Americans and English as the most liberal and enlightened people in the world, next to the Arabs, and upon the assurance of five piasters each and such *bakshish* as we deemed consistent with our rank and dignity, he would cheerfully consent to having the mill honored with our presence. Keeping in view his own interests, Yusuf made answer to this by saying that he, being our responsible agent in all pecuniary matters, deemed it incumbent upon him as a man of honor, known throughout Syria and even to the remotest corners of England and America as a dragoman who never lied or took advantage of the liberality of his employers, to pay just and reasonable prices for every thing, and that he could not reconcile it to a sense of duty to pay more than four piasters; but that he had not the slightest doubt that the *bakshish* would amount to treble that sum. At this the miller shook his head dismally, granted a few words of doubt, which I interpreted to signify that he had become rather accustomed to promises of that kind; then puffed his chibouk awhile, and ended by waving his hand for us to enter. By this time it had begun to rain, and we were glad enough to find shelter.

If the external appearance of the mill was disappointing, the interior was absolutely dramatic and inspiring. Stables I had slept in; covered by racks, trees, and the broad canopy of heaven had afforded me lodgings in cases of emergency; but I had seen nothing half so strange or curious in the way of accommodations for a night's rest as the mill of Malaha. It was just high enough to stand up in where the arches that supported the roof ran up to a point; but these arches being very rough and irregular, and the ground, consisting chiefly of holes, it was necessary to crawl into the dark recesses on our hands and feet. The water made a tremendous rush underneath; and, looking through the broken parts of the floor, there was every prospect of tumbling through during the night and being carried down among the wheels and afterwards deposited in the lake of El Huleh. Following Yusuf, who carried a dim lamp in his hand, we narrowly escaped being ground to pieces by two hoppers, which flew round continually at a tremendous rate, without any covering over them; and in the course of time having worked our way over several holes and through a good many puddles of foul water, we found ourselves on a sort of elevation about a foot high, close by the hoppers again, where we learned that we were to spend the night. The dust and chaff, together with the intense darkness, notwithstanding the lamp and a thick cloud of smoke from a crowd of Arabs, hid away somewhere in the obscurity, afforded me reasonable grounds for thinking that if any one of us ever lived to see daylight again, it would only be through the intervention of Providence; certainly there was nothing here to encourage such a hope.

The ground being somewhat soft, I had the curiosity to feel it and then take up a handful and smell it; by which means I became sensible of the fact that it consisted of a very rich deposit of manure. However, having a couple of mattresses, we spread them over it, and found that it made a very warm bed, although it must be admitted that the points of rock which came through it did not produce an agreeable sensation when they came in contact with our ribs.

"A stunning place, this," said the English Captain, good-humoredly. "Upon my word, I think we'll have a jolly time of it to-night."

"Yes; very jolly; the fleas are getting lively already," said the tall Southerner, scratching himself fiercely.

"Coffee!" said I; "coffee, Yusuf. Gentlemen, I hold it as a principle that coffee is an elixir for all the ills that flesh is heir to, provided it be sweetened with the sugar of—"

"Lead," suggested the captain.

"No, sir; the sugar of content. Coffee expands the soul, warms the imagination; sends a cheerful glow throughout the entire man after the toils of travel, and acts as nature's balm restorer, when sleep is banished by fortuitous circumstances or by—"

"Fleas," said the captain, suddenly starting, as if stung by a wasp. "What an abominable nuisance they are! I'll venture to assert that they are as large here as bumble-bees. Never felt any thing like them in my life! Stunned, quite stunned, I assure you!"

There was no doubt of it. I began to feel them myself, though I had always boasted of being proof against such petty annoyances. They actually began to pierce like a thousand needles. Sometimes they pierced like cambric often they pierced like the large needles that were used in facturing put together in assorted bunches. While Yusuf and Francisco were absent boiling the coffee outside of the mill, and getting supper ready, we entertained ourselves scratching a trio, and jumping round, and then nearly out of our skins in the most desperate efforts to shake off the vermin.

Presently supper appeared; and, I say it in justice to our dragoman, a most excellent supper it was. He was a capital cook and caterer, and fed us like Princes, as he always represented us to be. The Arabs crouched around us out of holes in the walls and dark corners, and while we ate they looked on with greedy and longing eyes, and said a great deal on the subject which we could not comprehend. They seemed very lean and hungry, and talked rapidly as each mouthful disappeared; when it became evident that they built some hopes upon coming in at the end of the feast. We told Yusuf to give them something to eat, which he did; when, feeling very happy and comfortable, he had our chibouks lit, and smoked our Latakia tobacco in great state, as became persons of royal dignity.

I gradually dropped off into a doze, a mere doze, for I scorn the charge of having slept a wink that night. The grating of the hoppers, the everlasting clatter of tongues, the dust, chaff, smoke, and fleas, to say nothing of the roar of the water down below, were enough to banish all hope of sleep; I merely closed my eyes to try how ridiculous it would feel. How long they remained closed I scarcely know; it was not long, however, for I soon heard a heavy breathing close by my head, and felt the warm breath of some monster on my face. I knew it to be no Arab; it blew and snuffed altogether unlike any thing of the human kind. Thinking it might be all fancy, I cautiously put out my hand in the dark (Yusef having carried the lamp away) and began to feel around me. For some moments I could discover nothing, but in waving my hand around I at length touched something—something that sent the blood flying back to my heart a good deal quicker than it ever flew before. To tell the honest truth, I never was so startled in all the previous adventures of my life. The substance that I put my hand on was bare and warm; it was wet also and slimy, and had large protrusions with which it seemed to be in the act of smelling me previous to the act of mastication. With the quickness of lightning I jerked up my hand, and felt it glide along a skin covered with long rough hair; the next instant my ears were stunned by the most dreadful noises, which resembled, as I thought in the horror of the moment, the roaring of a full-grown lion. But it was not the roaring of a lion; it was only the braying of an ass. The monster was a Syrian ass. There were two of them, and they both began to bray; they brayed in concert, but it was the most intolerable concert I ever heard. Had it been a lion the consequences might have been serious to the whole party, as well as to the animal himself, for I should certainly have called upon Yusuf to bring out his pistols and guns, in which event there is not the least doubt that some of us would have fallen victims to the conflicting wrath of the rival lions.

Now, as long as our grievances were confined to vermin, dirt, and noisy Arabs, we bore them very cheerfully, and even admitted that little afflictions of that kind add materially to the spice of travels; but when it came to making asses of us by placing us on a par with such animals, it was altogether too much to be borne. I had often heard that travelling makes one acquainted with strange bed-fellows, but in all my previous experience I had never been subjected to the mortification of sleeping in the same bed with two genuine asses.

"What," said I, filled with honest indignation, "are we to stand this? Breathe there a man with soul so dead that he'll voluntarily sleep with a pair of vile asses?"

"Ho, Yusuf!" cried the Captain, "we'll be as-annoyed if you don't turn these abominable beasts out. We are in danger of being devoured bodily."

Yusef declared that he was very sorry, but it was a Mahometan custom to show great tenderness and respect to animals of the brute kind; he would ask the miller to put the asses out, but could not insist upon it as a matter of right. Another excited conversation now took place in which all the Arabs participated. Yusuf stormed, threatened, and swore; the old miller protested, remonstrated, and finally declared that he could not be guilty of anything so inhuman; that he would sooner drive out of his house on a rainy night the brother of his affections than the asses of his heart; so, to make peace, the asses of his heart were suffered to remain.

I will not undertake to describe how we spent the rest of that memorable night; how the grindstones came whirling in an inch of grinding us to death every time we stretched our legs out; how in attempting to escape from the furious attacks of the fleas we got ourselves involved under the hoods of the asses; how the old miller stopped smoking about midnight, and by the united assistance of all his Arabs succeeded in the course of two hours in getting his mill stopped; how every one of them talked all the rest of the night and went to sleep about daylight; and how we got up at the same time and made a vow never again to stop at the mill of Malaha.

At sunrise we were mounted, and on our way towards the sea of Galilee.

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